

THE REGISTER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

ALLISON & PERKINS, PUBLISHERS.

IOLA, ALLEN COUNTY, KANSAS.

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF COUNTY.

THE IOLA REGISTER.

VOLUME IX.

IOLA, ALLEN COUNTY, KANSAS, OCTOBER 23, 1875.

NO. 43.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1 W.	2 W.	3 W.	4 W.	5 W.	6 W.	7 W.	8 W.	9 W.	10 W.	1 M.	3 M.	6 M.	1 Y.
1 inch.	10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120	130	140
2 inch.	20	40	60	80	100	120	140	160	180	200	220	240	260	280
3 inch.	30	60	90	120	150	180	210	240	270	300	330	360	390	420
4 inch.	40	80	120	160	200	240	280	320	360	400	440	480	520	560
5 inch.	50	100	150	200	250	300	350	400	450	500	550	600	650	700
6 inch.	60	120	180	240	300	360	420	480	540	600	660	720	780	840
7 inch.	70	140	210	280	350	420	490	560	630	700	770	840	910	980
8 inch.	80	160	240	320	400	480	560	640	720	800	880	960	1040	1120
9 inch.	90	180	270	360	450	540	630	720	810	900	990	1080	1170	1260
10 inch.	100	200	300	400	500	600	700	800	900	1000	1100	1200	1300	1400

Local and Special Notices, 10 cents a line.

All letters in relation to business in any way connected with the office should be addressed to the Publishers and Proprietors.

ALLISON & PERKINS.

Business Directory.

NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.

President.....Ulysses S. Grant
Vice-President.....Henry Wilson
Chief Justice.....Morrison R. Waite
Secretary of State.....Hamilton Fish
Secretary of the Treasury.....W. M. Bristow
Secretary of War.....Win W. Belknap
Secretary of the Navy.....G. M. Robeson
Attorney General.....Columbus Delano
Postmaster General.....Marshall Jewell
Speaker of the House.....James G. Blaine
Clerk of the Senate.....Geo. C. Gordon
Clerk of the House.....Edward McPherson

STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor.....Thomas A. Osborn
Lieutenant Governor.....Geo. M. J. Salter
Secretary of State.....T. H. Cavanaugh
State Treasurer.....Samuel E. Lippin
Attorney General.....A. M. F. Randolph
State Auditor.....D. W. Wilder
Sup't Public Instruction.....John Francis

COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. W. Talbot.....District Judge
N. F. Acers.....Probate Judge
Wm. Thresher.....County Treasurer
H. A. Needham.....County Clerk
G. M. Brown.....Register of Deeds
J. H. Richards.....County Attorney
C. M. Simpson.....Clerk District Court
J. E. Bryan.....Superintendent Public Schools
L. Woodfin.....Sheriff
Lyman Rhodes.....Surveyor
D. H. Horrell.....Commissioners
A. W. Howland.....
Isaac Bonebrake.....

CITY OFFICERS.

W. C. Jones.....Mayor
J. K. Boyd.....Police Judge
G. W. Apple.....
N. F. Acers.....
J. H. Richards.....Counclimen
W. H. Richards.....
C. M. Simpson.....
John Francis.....Treasurer
W. J. Sapp.....
James Simpson.....Street Commissioner
Clark Coffield.....Marshal

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.
Corner of Jefferson and Broadway Sts.
Services every Sabbath at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m.
Prayer meeting Thursday evenings at 7 p. m.
H. K. Mott, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Corner Madison and Western streets.
Services 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m.
S. G. Clark, Pastor.

BAPTIST.

On Seymour street. Services every Sabbath at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening. Church meeting at 2 p. m. on Saturday before the first Sabbath in each month. Sabbath school at 9 o'clock a. m.
C. F. Floyd, Pastor.

Secret Societies.

IOLA LODGE, NO. 38.
A. F. & A. M. Masons meet on the first and third Saturdays in every month. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. H. W. TALBOT, W. M.
J. K. White, Sec'y.

IOLA LODGE, NO. 21.
I. O. O. F. hold their regular meetings every Tuesday evening, in their hall, next door north of the post office. Visiting brethren in good standing, are invited to attend.
C. M. SIMPSON, N. G.
W. C. JONES, Sec'y.

Hotels.

LELAND HOUSE.
B. D. ALLEN, Proprietor. IOLA, KANSAS.
This house has been thoroughly repaired and refitted and is now the most desirable place in the city for travelers to stop. No pains will be spared to make the guests of the Leland feel at home. Baggage transferred to and from Depot free of charge.

CITY HOTEL.
RICHARD PROCTOR, Proprietor. Iola, Kansas. Single meals 25 cents. Day board one dollar per day.

Attorneys.

NELSON F. ACERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Iola, Allen county, Kansas. Has the only full and complete set of Abstracts of Allen county.

FRANK W. BARTLETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Iola, Kansas. Money to loan on long time and at low rates and well improved farms in Allen county.

MURRAY & RICHARDS,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW. Money in sums from \$500.00 to \$5,000.00 loaned on long time upon improved farms in Allen, Anderson, Woodson, and Neosho counties.

Physicians.

M. DeMOSS, M. D.,
OFFICE over Jno. Francis & Co.'s Drug Store. Residence on Washington avenue, 2nd door south Neosho street.

A. J. FULTON, M. D.
L. C. P. S. Ont. Canada, graduate Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, member of the Alumni Association Jefferson College, Physician Surgeon and Acconcheur. Office and residence over Beck's grain and feed store, Iola, Kas.

Miscellaneous.

L. L. LOW,
GENERAL AUCTIONEER, Iola, Kansas. Cries sales in Allen and adjoining counties.

H. A. NEEDHAM,
COUNTY CLERK. Conveyancing carefully done, and acknowledgements taken. Maps and plans neatly drawn.

J. N. WHITE,
UNDERTAKER, Madison avenue, Iola, Kansas. Wood coffins constantly on hand and hearses always in readiness. Metallic Burial Cases furnished on short notice.

H. REIMERT,
TAILOR, Iola, Kansas. Scott Brother's old stand. Clothing made to order in the latest and best styles. Satisfaction guaranteed. Cleaning and repairing done on short notice.

J. E. THORP,
BARBER SHOP on Washington avenue first door south of L. L. Northrup's. Fuel, Produce and Vegetables of all kinds taken in exchange for work. Also, a few good second-hand Razors for sale cheap; also a fine quality of Hair Oil.

D. F. GIVENS,
WATCHMAKER, JEWELER, AND CLOCK REPAIRER, at the postoffice, Iola, Kansas. Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, promptly and neatly repaired and warranted. A fine assortment of Clocks, Jewelry, Gold pens and other fancy articles, which will be sold cheap.

JOHN KELLY,
BARBER. Shop at City Hotel, Iola, Kansas. Shaving, 10c; Hair-Cutting, 25c; Shampooing, 50c.

ON WELL IMPROVED FARM, on five years time or less at a lower rate of interest than ever before charged in this State.
J. B. WATKINS & CO.,
Lawrence, Kansas, Emporia, Hunkeler, Parsons and Wichita. 2671

NEW NEIGHBORS.

BY ELIZABETH STEWART PHELPS.

Within the window's vacant recess,
Behind a pink geranium flower,
She sits and sews, and sews and sits,
From patient hour to patient hour.

As woman-like as marble is,
A marble death condemned to make
A faint at life perpetually.

Wondering, I watch to pity her;
Wondering, I go my restless ways,
Content, I think the untamed thoughts
Of free and solitary days.

Until the mournful dusk begins
To drop upon the quiet street,
Until upon the pavement far
There falls the sound of coming feet—

The sound of happy, hastening feet,
Tender as kisses on the air—
Quick as if touched by unseen lips,
Blushes the little statue there;

And woman-like as young life is,
And woman-like as joy may be,
Tender with color, lithe with love,
She starts, transfigured gloriously,

Superb in one transcendent glance—
Her eyes, I see, are burning black—
My little neighbor, smiling, turns
And throws my unasked pity back.

I wonder is it worth the while
To sit and sew from hour to hour,
To sit and sew with eyes of black
Behind a pink geranium flower?

—Barber's for November.

OVER THE WAY.

BY N. M. D.

Over the way, over the way,
I've seen a head that's fair and gray;
I've seen kind eyes not yet to tears,
A form of grace, though full of years.

Her fifty summers have left no flaw—
And I, a youth of twenty-three,
So love this lady, fair to see,
I want her for a mother-in-law.

Over the way, over the way,
I've seen her with the children play;
I've seen her with a royal grace
Before her mirror adjust her lace;

A kinder woman none ever saw;
God bless and cheer her onward path,
And bless all treasures that she hath,
And let her be my mother-in-law.

Over the way, over the way,
I think I'll venture, dear, some day,
(If you will lead a helping hand,
And sanctify the scheme I've planned),
I'll kneel in loving, reverent awe,
Down at the lady's feet and say:
"I've loved your daughter many a day—
Please, won't you be my mother-in-law?"

THE LOVER.

BY L. V. BOYD.

All hail, the beloved lover,
For what you idealize is real!
The wonder-world of his future
Such a vision of victory.

He walks like the sun first dashed
In a happy garden's aisle,
And somewhere the thought of sorrow,
In the light of the loved one's smiles.

Wherever a father and mother
Stand and children fair,
We see his triumph recorded,
For once the lover was there.

And though ever so old the story,
Like some traditional rhyme,
It grows more sweet in the reading,
When read for the hundredth time.

Full soon o'er the little folk playing
Under unclouded skies,
As sure as the hours are fleeting
Will the lover's star arise;

And, be he prince or peasant,
With jeweled or gilded ring,
To place on the dear one's finger,
'Tis the lover-own-kings the king.

Robert Fulton.

This celebrated civil engineer was born in the town of Little Britain, in the county of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in the year 1765. His father died when he was only three years of age. After receiving an English education, he was placed with a jeweler in Lancaster, with the intention of acquiring the trade. This pursuit however did not prevent him from cultivating and exercising his talent for painting, which he afterwards pursued with great success. By the advice of his numerous friends he made a visit to London and placed himself under the direction of Mr. West; he immediately became an inmate of that gentleman's house, and very soon his companion and friend. The friendship thus formed, subsisted, unabated, until the death of Fulton.

For some years after leaving the family of Mr. West, he employed himself as a painter. He did not however feel himself entirely satisfied with his progress in the art, and was, at length, wholly withdrawn from its further cultivation, by his ruling taste for the mechanic arts. As early as the year 1793, he brought forward his project of propelling boats by steam, with much confidence; and, in the September following, he communicated his ideas on steam navigation to Lord Stanhope, who acknowledged it by letter, dated October, 1794.

In 1794 the British Government granted him patents for a double-injection plane, to be used in transportation; for a machine for spinning flax; and another for making ropes, etc. In the year 1796 he submitted to the British Board of Agriculture, a plan for the improvement of canal navigation, which was favorably received, and for which he received a patent in the year 1797. He then went to France, with a view to introduce it into that country.

In 1798, pursuing this interesting subject with great zeal, he published a series of letters, addressed to Earl Stanhope, in which he clearly exhibits the advantages to nations arising from canals and home improvements generally, simple taxation and free trade.

On his arrival at Paris, a friendship commenced between him and Joel Bar-

low, which ended only with their lives. At the invitation of Barlow, Fulton took up his residence at the hotel of the former, where he continued to remain during seven years. In this time he studied the high mathematics, physics, chemistry and perspective. He also acquired the French, Italian and German languages.

Barlow, about this time was preparing for the press his elegant edition of the Columbian, which he afterwards dedicated in terms of glowing affection to Fulton. The splendid plates which adorn this work were executed under the superintendence of Fulton.

In December, 1797, he made his first experiment on submarine explosion on the river Seine, in company with Barlow. In December, 1806, he returned to this city, and immediately re-commenced his experiments on submarine war. He also directed his attention to steam navigation.

After several successful experiments, he published, in 1810, his interesting work, entitled "Torpedo War," which contains a full account and clear explanation of his system.

The earnest solicitation of the Hon. R. R. Livingston, who had pointed out to him the incalculable advantages which would arise out of a perfect system of steam navigation, had the desired effect of arousing the energies of his genius to a subject which he had not bestowed much attention upon since the year 1803.

After his return to the United States in 1806, he and Mr. Livingston commenced building a steamboat called the "Clermont," at the rate of five miles per hour. From this memorable era in the life of Mr. Fulton, the art of navigating by steam continued to advance towards perfection, and the last boat built under his direction was better than any that had preceded it.

On the breaking out of the war of 1812, he again turned his attention to his favorite project of submarine warfare, and after various successful experiments, obtained, in 1814, a patent for a "submarine battery."

This invention was readily patronized by government, and in March, 1814, a law was passed to build one; the cost estimated at \$320,000. He was appointed the engineer, and, in a little more than four months from the laying of the keel, she was launched under the name of "Fulton on the First."

The last work on which he was engaged was a modification of his submarine boat; her model was approved, and he had received the sanction of the Executive to construct one at New York; but, unfortunately, his country had to lament his death before he had completed it. He terminated his valuable life on the 24th of February, 1815, a martyr to his efforts in the behalf of science.

Mr. Fulton was about six feet high. His person was slender, but well proportioned and well formed. His features were strong and of manly beauty.

In all his domestic and social relations he was zealous, kind, generous, liberal, and affectionate. He knew of no use for money, but as it was subservient to charity, hospitality and the sciences. At the time of his death, he was a member of the principal literary and scientific societies in the United States.

France has some queer old ways of doing things yet remaining. She proves herself not quite ripe for the wonderful American civilization that flourishes in many parts of this country. For example, not long since a cashier in one of the public departments appropriated 40,000 francs—about \$8,000 of our money—to his own use, and was caught playing defaulter. Now, instead of complimenting the fellow for his sharpness and thrift, and calling it by the soft term of irregularity, and excusing his unfortunate habit of gambling or fast living, they arrested him in good earnest, brought him to trial, and sent him to prison for ten years, notwithstanding his friends came forward and paid up the full sum. The chances are that neither that thief nor any other loose-fingered chap employed around the treasury will try a similar experiment. The certainty of punishment is the remedy, with enough of it. In this case there was enough and it is certain to be inflicted for a man guilty as well into the clutch of a gorilla as into a French prison with any hope of being pardoned. It is hoped this good example will be imitated "over here" some time. But we must have some better judges than now disgrace the courts in some parts of this Republic.—Fall River News.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican thinks that Massachusetts may have the distinction of furnishing both the orator and the poet for the Philadelphia Centennial, as there is reason to believe that the choice of orator will fall upon Charles Francis Adams, and that either Mr. Longfellow or Mr. Lowell will read the poem. Fortunately for these three gentlemen, their designation for Centennial honors does not depend upon Massachusetts. If it did, not one of them would be selected. That State has a habit of patronizing mediocrity and deprecating superiority in its public men that is not very encouraging, to say the least. The Massachusetts prophet is not without honor save in his own State.

A THRILLING STORY.

A Woman's Terrible Experience in the Texas Flood.—"Let Me Die, but Save My Children."

The Corpus Christi (Texas) Times says: No more thrilling narrative could be imagined or described than that relating to Miss Susannah Pendleton's experience in the great storm, told, as it were, in the language of truth and simplicity, conveying a better idea thus than it could have done in any other way. Passing as she did through all and more danger than any other, witnessing the death one after another of her acquaintances and fellow sufferers, hearing the despairing entreaties sent forth by agonized lips to the throne of the Most High for help and succor and mercy in those terrible hours—that fearful day and night when the awful majesty of God revealed itself in the sublime tempest that swept away cities of lives and a flourishing city of 5,000 inhabitants.

Wednesday came the fierce indication of a severe storm, though so usual were all the phenomena that no more than usual results were anticipated. The waters of the bay rose six or seven inches more than customary, but did not alarm those who had seen the same thing occur many times before, with no more serious results. Thursday morning dawned, lowering with heavy storm-clouds, and with the wind blowing strongly and fiercely from the east. The waters rose still higher, yet still no change was felt. Evening came, with an increase of wind, when the bay filled high with waters from the gulf, and the bayou, near where their house was, aided in the destruction commenced at an early hour Thursday evening. First, the waters lapped gently the streets; then a little higher, the door step higher still, and it was upon the floor of the house. Before this, we would have had time to cook dinner, as Miss Susannah said, "so that in case we did have to take to the boats we'd have plenty to eat."

By the time the water had risen to the level of the roof, the water was sweeping through the room and over the store. Retreat was made to the upper story, all the valuables and movable effects of the family having already been placed there. Other persons, (neighbors and friends of Mr. Morrison, whose house of two stories, strongly built, was deemed safe and secure) had taken refuge with him, driven from their own houses by the rising water. In the humanity and love born by the old man toward those of his kind in danger and toward, he had that evening, though 54 years of age, gone from house to house, through water up to his waist, and gathered into his own habitation those who were not as securely situated as he.

So the night closed in upon those thirty-five devoted men, women and children, twenty-four of whom were never again to see the dawn—never again to clasp each other by the hand, and many to be denied the rites of burial.

Harder and harder raged the mighty wind, higher rose the remorseless waters of the bay, until the second floor upon which the poor terrified creatures were gathered, was reached. Then arose to heaven a wailing cry of distress; from distracted mothers, with little ones at their breasts, from strong men stricken with an awful fear, and from tiny child lips that cry go up.

One mother, Mrs. Cole, when entreating for mercy in that fearful hour, cheered by comfort from a source hardly expected. From the lips of her little four-year-old daughter, above the raging of the wind and sea without, and the cries of terror within, fell words that will linger forever in the memory of those who heard them—"Don't cry mamma, God will not let us die! God will save us—don't don't cry, mamma!"

God did indeed answer her prayer, and saved the life of the little petitioner and mamma and papa, too. And a little two-year-old in the same room, clinging to his mother's knee, every time the waves would wet his little feet would shudder from the contact of the cold element, and repeating the cries he heard around him, would exclaim, over and over again, "Mamma, mamma, save me, save me!"

Oh, it must have been terrible, in that small room, the furious wind threatening every moment to tear the roof from over their heads, with the giant waves, their white crests laden with the timbers of some ruined wharf or wrecked vessels and serving as a battering ram with which to tear down their frail protection. It must have been terrible to hear the wailing cries of those children and know that no hope, nor succor nor chance, of life existed but to the feeble security offered by the weak building in which they stood! Soon a plank from a part of the house most exposed was torn off. Instantly the consuming waters rushed through; another, and still another, widening the opening, and revealing to the unfortunates within the terrible and never-to-be-forgotten scene of stormy rain and destruction which met their first glance outside. But little time then had they to see or think. Almost coincident with the tearing away with sides of the house, the roof was lifted bodily up and sent down in the water outside, close beside the floor upon

which the people were standing. Some six or seven, Susannah among the number, jumped from the insecurity of the tottering building to the roof, believing that it would float and sustain them. In the brief moments before all were separated, occurred scenes never to be forgotten. Captain Lawton was attempted to pull her upon the raft upon which he was, but she would not desert her children. "Let me die, but save my children," were the last words the poor woman spoke. All were lost—herself and both little ones. Upon every hand was now seen the struggling forms of men and women, and the witness says that all about her could be seen the long hair and white faces floating in the water, belonging to those whose spirits had gone to their Creator, borne upon the wings of the terrible Storm King.

But a little while did the frail support bear the combined weight of the six or seven gathered upon it. Ere it fell to pieces, young Willie Morrison saw his mother floating by on a single plank. Jumping from his position, he swam to it, took her back to the roof with him, and had barely placed her in fancied security when it parted separating in pieces too small to afford refuge, went the mother so gallantly rescued, went down to rise no more.

Susannah, with the little sister of Capt. Brennan in her arms, had taken refuge upon a large timber from one of the wrecked wharves. A tame bear, a pet of Mr. Morrison's family, swam to it, crossed it, and wound a rope that was around his neck several times around her body. "How I got it off I cannot tell," she said, "but presently I became disengaged from the coil, and hardly had I shoved the animal away when a huge wave which almost immediately buried me and the little one below the surface, threw across the bear's body a large log, crushing his life out, saving mine!" At the same moment her hold upon the child was lost, and it, too, sank with one last wild cry of "Oh, save me, Susie, save me!"

Regarding her hold upon the friendly plank, with all her companions gone, with no apparent hope of life, her presence of mind and courage, her faith in God did not desert her. Far out upon the wild waste of waters she floated, with the frail support of that single plank between her and eternity. How far or in what direction she was carried she knew not, nor whether upon the bay or gulf. One moment she would be upon the crest of a huge wave, and the next in the hollow between, with what she supposed to be whole houses about to fall on her head. How she escaped being crushed to death by the mass of timber and which she floated she can never explain. But with body bruised, torn and lacerated, with her clothes almost entirely stripped from her body, she still floated on, wherever the winds and waves carried her. Friday morning her feet struck a knoll upon the prairie, nine miles from Indianola. She dragged herself to higher ground, when from a sense of safety and an overpowering fatigue, she lay down where she was part of the time in an old empty hoghead, and fell fast asleep. When she awoke she found an old quilt near, which she wrapped around her, until she got where some men were working about a schooner, where more clothes were given her. She remained in the camp, where also were Mrs. McFarland and her family, who were all saved, until a vessel came to take them off, when she came immediately to Corpus, as full of life and health, albeit a little bruised, as she was before the storm, but thankful with every thought to God for her preservation.

Mr. Schurz in his reply to Wendell Phillips' latest creed, punctures one of the most common falsehoods of the inflation school, and that is that in times of panic the Government of Great Britain has given relief to the country by authorizing the Bank of England to suspend specie payments. Here is what Mr. Schurz says on this point: "The inflationists are also fond of telling us that such panics lead sometimes to a suspension of specie payments by the banks. This is true as to this country, but when Mr. Phillips informs us again and again in specie-basis English history the permission given by the Government to the bank to suspend specie payments has been the salvation of the business community, he glaringly betrays the greatest ignorance of financial history, or a deplorable disregard of the truth. In charity, we must accept the former. Every well informed man knows, since the resumption of specie payments in 1821, specie payments have never been suspended again in England. Mr. Phillips, in his evidently somewhat careless reading, found that now and then in times of panic something was suspended, and he jumped to the conclusion that it was specie payments. It is, perhaps, well to inform him that, instead of the suspension of specie payments, it was the suspension of the Bank of England to issue notes beyond the amount of specie reserve prescribed by law. That permission has been given several times, but specie payments steadily continued all the while. It is urgently recommended to Mr. Phillips to commence his historical reading at the beginning.

How a Californian Got a Seat in a Coach.

The stage coach from Milton was about to leave Tuttle town after changing horses. Every seat, both inside and out, was full, except one which was occupied by a tourist wrapped in his supercilious dignity and a heavy linen duster. A resident of Tuttle town wishing to ride to Sonora, approached the stage and inquired for a seat. "All full inside," growled the tourist, spreading himself to the full extent of his dignity and duster. "But you are occupying two seats," argued the man from Jackson Hill.

"I ain't going to be crowded; I pay for my comfort and intend to keep it." "Did you pay for two seats?"

"I've only secured one seat, but there is no room for another in this coach, sir," and the tourist settled himself back while the other passengers grunted their disgust in tones not particularly vociferous but exceedingly deep.

"You are not acting as a gentleman should, sir, nor exactly in accordance with the etiquette of our rude California society," calmly replied the man on the outside, smiling in spite of his annoyance at the dog-in-the-manger style of this boor.

"I don't hold myself accountable to the society of California. I pay my way and ask odds of nobody, and your inference that I am not a gentleman might be termed where I came from an indication that you wish to fight."

"We don't fight in this country," calmly replied the man from Tuttle town.

"You don't? Then I must have been misinformed. Pray, what do you do when a man insults you?" and a sort of triumph gleamed in the eye of the stranger.

"Do? Why we shoot him on the spot and that is the end of it. We don't waste time when we start in. By the way, I think I can squeeze in alongside of you there, can't I?"

"Don't know but you can," and a full half cent appeared beside the dignified fool, as if by magic.

The Tuttle town citizen rode very comfortably from that hamlet to Sonora, and heard no more about fighting from the tourist, although remarks in regard to "dead shots" and the rapidity with which insults are avenged in the Sierras, formed the staple of conversation among the other passengers until they reached the City Hotel.—Sonora Democrat.

Facts to bepondered.

There is no doubt that industry has been and still is depressed though there are signs of a revival of business. But nothing can be more certain than that the misfortunes of the country did not come from contraction—because there has been no contraction. In 1869 the country was prosperous; now, it is unprosperous. But in 1869 we had \$675,000,000 of currency afloat, and to-day we have \$769,000,000. In 1854 the country was prosperous, with a circulation of specie and paper of \$445,000,000, or \$16.80 per head of our then population; in 1859 our country was prosperous, with a circulation of \$468,000,000, specie and paper, or \$15.30 per head of our then population; in 1874 it was depressed and suffering, with \$777,000,000 or \$18 per head of the population. Surely, it is absurd to assert that a lack of currency has anything to do with the general depression. Not only has the currency been steadily expanded, but we have more to-day per head of the population without reckoning the gold which circulates in California and Texas, than we had before the war.

The Way the Money Goes.

It is estimated the people of Kansas buy 10,000 wagons annually at an average cost of \$90 each. This amounts to the snug sum of \$900,000. Two-thirds of them are purchased outside the State. Here is a drain of three-quarters of a million dollars yearly from farmers, for wagons, every one of which ought to be made within our State and by home mechanics. Not less than